

THE MAIN FANCIES OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Mr. Justwed Entertains.

It was only an informal affair—just for intimate friends—that the Justweds had planned to give, but even that entails some work. And Mr. Justwed had declared most emphatically—in fact, rather authoritatively—that Mrs. Justwed should not work herself all out to a frazzle and be worn to a thread the whole week after. No!—not a bit of it! At least not while he was able to swing a dinner or a table. What good was a husband, anyway, who couldn't help his wife out when it came to the domestic stuff? It wasn't pleasant, but it was his duty!

So Mrs. Justwed acquiesced.

Just as Mr. J. was leaving the office, rather late, to rush home and help kill the fatted calf for the invited guests,



"Oh—oh—to think—!" She Choked.

Mrs. Justwed walked in. She had forgotten to get a dozen of the most adorable lace doilies ever used as bait on a bargain counter—and she just must have them to put on the table. Mr. Justwed looked at his watch quizzically. It was very late—possibly near dinner time. But Mrs. J. insisted. So, naturally, Mr. J. followed—and carried the bundles.

It was at least ten minutes after six before the Justweds made their daily detour to the Gas Company and began preparation of the evening meal. The time was short before the guests should arrive. Mr. J. had the beginnings of a large-sized growl—he always did when he was kept waiting for dinner. Mrs. J. was eloquently silent. Her face wore that righteous, long-suffering, martyr-like look of a woman who is positive her husband has found fault with her unjustly. Each was trying to remember the old adage about silence being golden.

"Dear me!" Mrs. Justwed suddenly complained. "I forgot to get the seasoning for the rabbit today! How stupid of me! Will you please go out and get it for me, Homer, dear?"

"Confound it!" Mr. J. began, in tones of decided irritation, but remembering promptly and changing his tune. "Of course I will, Blossom. In just a little while. Let's have dinner first."

"I think, Homer, it's better to get it first; then have dinner and dress—and I think that would be the better way."

Mr. J. hesitated a moment, then summoned his courage and replied:

"I don't think so, dearest. If I may be allowed to express an opinion. You see, if I dress first and have dinner, and then go after the seasoning, why—why—I'll be all ready to receive the guests and talk to them if any should come before you have finished dressing."

"Oh, very well, then, do as you please!" snapped Mrs. J., in a little irritable and cross-like.

Mr. J. preserved a discreet silence.

So did Mrs. J.

Mr. J. retired to his room slowly and began to shave in that deliberate, absent-minded manner that denotes preoccupation and mental distress.

Mrs. J. stormed into the two-by-four kitchen and bawled and founced the tins around shamelessly.

Presently a silence as of the desert fell upon the apartment.

Mr. J. heard no sound until suddenly the door banged shut violently.

Mr. J. paused, irresolute, razor in mid-air.

Then he laid it down thoughtfully and listened, with every sense alert.

Not a sound. It was the silence of the tomb.

Tip-toeing softly to the door of his room he opened it and listened anxiously. Then he called. But there was no reply.

Perhaps Blossom had fainted! Perhaps she had been overcome by escaping gas! Perhaps—perhaps—I he rushed into the kitchen.

It was empty!

Mrs. J. had fled!

Mr. J. stood, stupefied.

Where could she have gone! What would she not do in such a frame of mind!

Then by degrees he became calmer.

Of course, nothing was really the matter with her. Maybe she just went out after something. She would be back soon, he was sure. At all events he would have dinner ready for her when she returned.

There were several spluttering, sizzling noises on the stove. One contained potatoes, another tomatoes, and still another some sort of a salad dressing. There wasn't much to be done.

Ah! An idea! The coffee wasn't made yet!

So Mr. J. fished around in the bottom of the cabinet until he found the coffee pot. Then he took the coffee can and filled the pot half full—ground.

He watched the flames play about the bottom of the pot for a minute or two. Suddenly he realized that he hadn't finished shaving yet.

Might just as well kill two birds with one stone. So he got his razor and his mirror, etc., and returned to the kitchen to take up again the white man's daily burden.

Just as he was shaving away nicely around the lobe of his ear the coffee pot began to splutter and fume like one possessed.

Mr. Justwed grabbed it hastily off the stove in mortal terror.

At this critical moment Mrs. Justwed entered.

The sight of her better half standing with the coffee-pot in one hand, his razor in the other, one-half of his face shaven and the other thick with lather and his countenance like that of a madman, made her, and then some—proved too much for her.

"Oh—oh—to think—!" she choked.

"What are you doing? What are you doing?" he gasped Justwed. "What you been doing?"

"What have I been doing? What have I been doing? I've been to the store to get the seasoning—that's what I've been doing!"

"Oh, you have?"

"Yes—Oh, I have! I should think any man who cares one bit about his wife would be ashamed to make her do what she refuses to do for her. You're a selfish brute, so you are! I'm going home now!"

"Now, dearest," began Mr. Justwed, soothingly, penitently.

"Don't! Don't!"

And Mrs. J. bounded out of the kitchen.

"The devil!" Mr. J. exclaimed, real profane-like. "I—I—I—!"

He grabbed up the razor and put it in the little green box outside the door and started to follow her. He looked at his face with the coffee-pot!

TRAINING THE CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

FROM the days of Noah, almost, the training of the child has been recognized as the solemn obligation of the parent. The truth of the proverb, "Train up the child in the way he should go, and when he becomes old he will not depart from it," is well established. Every parent makes an effort, at least, to teach his child what he should know. And still children are rude!

Still they do utterly impossible things—and the parents wonder why!

To teach the child to be polite at home, as well as abroad, is the keynote to the situation. Too many parents sort of believe implicitly that their children will suddenly arrive at a day of discretion when they will know exactly what to do and what not to do. This is a mistake.

The child must be taught from the time he can lip his first word. There are no sudden transitions. The finished product is obtained only by careful, painstaking, day-by-day training.

The child, naturally, expects to enjoy away from home the same privileges he has in his own home, and realizes that he must refrain from doing the same things abroad that are forbidden in his father's house. The rearing of a child and the development of his gentlemanly traits, like charity, begins at home.

The tantrums.

A child that babbles on, uncontrolled, at his own table will do likewise away

from home. He hasn't suddenly become mischievous. He is merely doing what he has been accustomed to do all along at his parents' table.

The child who is never impressed with the fact that he must at all times show respect for his elders and seize every opportunity to be polite to them will grow up an indifferent, impolite man. On the street car, for example, a child who is not taught to willingly and voluntarily surrender his seat to an elderly person bids fair to become an "end-seat hog" when he grows up.

There are many homes where all discipline takes wings the minute a child flies into a "tantrum." Perhaps the father and mother are going out for the evening and little Nellie objects. She has tried it before and gained her point, so she straightaway throws herself upon the floor, beats her tiny heels up and down violently, and bawls and screams at the top of her voice. Mother kneels beside her and implores her not to do it. She tries to frighten her with the dire consequences of working herself into a fever of excitement. She offers her candy and presents if she will only desist. Father stands helpless in the middle of the room with his hands on his ears to keep out the hideous noise. She's petted and pampered and fussed over until she's quite, either because she has been given a large bribe to do so, or has gained her point. The future dis-

position of such a child is obvious.

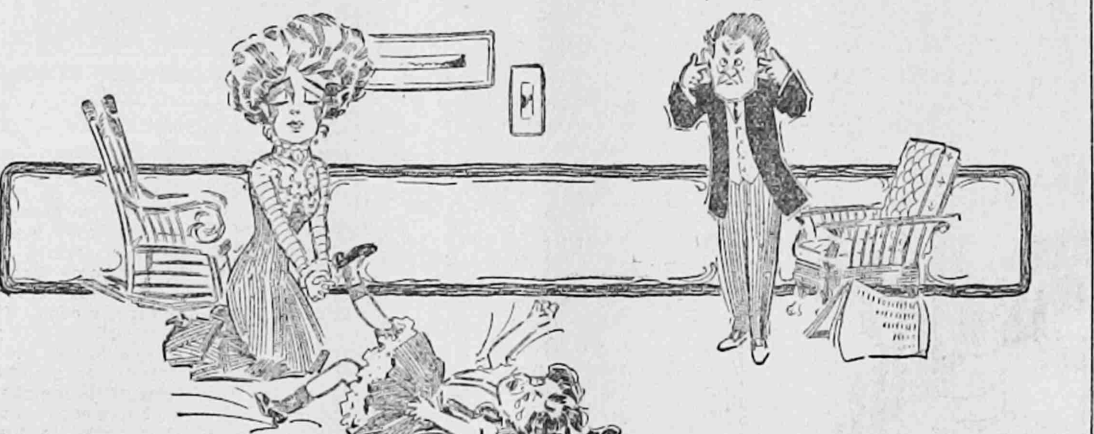
Contrast Is Great.

Corporal punishment is a thing for each parent to decide for himself. But whether one believes in it or not, the very worst thing a mother can do is to threaten to whip her child or send her to bed or deprive her of some anticipated pleasure and then fail to keep her word. Once the child learns that it is nothing but a threat, she gives no heed to the warning.

The contrast between the well-bred and the ill-bred child is striking. The one always remembers his manners; says "please" and "thank you"; does not tell tales on little playmates and never fails to be charming and lovable. The other snaps out "shut up" or "leave me alone!" when urged to do something that he does not want to do; hangs his head when introduced to strangers and toys with and complaisant about the food at the table. The one is liked, the other is abandoned.

One of the most important of all tendencies to be watched in a child is that of tale-bearing. Many a woman is an out-and-out gossip simply because, as a child, she was allowed to tell tales of her school-mates' misdeeds.

A mother should make friends of her children. Teach them the right things to do at the table, in the drawing room, on the street, in the school and with visitors—and see that they do them. Make little men and women of them—then they will not have to grow up into big men and women, at least as far as those things are concerned.



Mother Kneels Beside Her and Implores Her Not to Do It.

Helpful Winter Evenings.

THE long winter evenings and how to pass them test the ingenuity of the most accomplished home-maker.

There are so many ways of passing them, and making them interesting that every mother should pay particular attention to every line written on this important subject. The home possibilities are varied and should be considered for the most comfort to the elders and the greatest amount of entertainment to the juniors.

One principal thing about making children happy is in teaching them that by denying themselves something that they desire they are making other people happy.

If a girl wants to learn to embroider, start her with a set of beagles. These can be made from cretonne or heavy denim. If the plain material is used, have the bag stamped with some simple conventional design.

A linen pencil bag, with partitions for lead pencils, slate pencils, rulers, penholders, compass, etc., can be made from

heavy linen, bound with braid. The owner's initials should be done in outline stitch on the flap.

A great deal with boys and girls now, and a pleasant way of passing a winter morning is by piecing together puzzle pictures. In fact, every member of the family can find diversion in this game, which many times taxes the ingenuity of the most skillful.

For Picture Cards.

WITH the present fad for picture postals and the large number of them that most girls collect, it has become an important question how to keep them in a convenient way for showing them.

Of course, the ordinary way is the postcard album. A particularly convenient and compact way to take care of these is to have a pretty box on one's table just deep enough for the postal cards to stand on end.

Hoarding Things.

IT is always a mistake to hoard things that are not necessary and have passed their usefulness. To sacrifice convenience to sentiment is wrong. The little bottle that Jack wore when he was a baby may have a sentimental association for the mother, but every time Jack sees it he feels grouchy and sore about it. The fact is Jack has no further uses for the thing. Then there are so many women who can't part with father's old uniform. If he ever had any; with the haircloth parlor furniture set that belonged to mother and which has been accumulating dirt and filth in the cellar or the garage for more years than the old man can remember. There are many ways of avoiding hoarding, but which there is no home practice more insidious. The best way is to start in to clean house with an eye only for the things you actually have use for. Gather everything else together and ship it away. Your house will be cleaner and your own health as well as that of all the other members of the family will benefit by your action.

Attractive Sofa Cushions.

A LARGE quantity of sofa cushions of all sizes and shapes go far toward making a girl's room cozy and attractive. They may not only be piled upon couches, but also be tied to the seats and backs of chairs.

Domestic, Russian and antique English crashes, denim and non's cloth make the most serviceable pillow tops and any of them can readily be stamped with patterns for embroidery. Some of the crash pillow tops come already stained in two colors of brown, green, red or blue or in combinations of these colors. They are frequently stamped in attractive designs to be worked with harmonizing embroidered floss or in rope embroidery.

The woven ribbon pillow top is pretty, and can be made by anyone, as it requires no embroidery. To make this pillow take two pieces of inch-wide ribbon, each a different color or different shades of the same color. The ruffle takes five yards of five-inch ribbon and the back of the pillow requires three-quarters of a yard of silk.

The two pieces of ribbon are woven to form the top of the pillow. The contrasting colors or shades are used as black and yellow, holly and white, pink and green, or dark green and pale yellow. The two shades of the same color are very effective, with a ruffle to match the darker shade. A shaded ribbon ruffle has much charm.

To weave the ribbons start them at the opposite corners. Have five light, three dark, and the rest light, or three light, six dark and the rest light. Any combination may be used, as long as it makes a perfect pattern. The ribbon is woven in and out.

Lay the right side of the silk and woven top together and stitch around the corners and slip in the pillow. Overhand the open side together neatly. Gather the ribbon for the ruffle and space the fullest part of the ruffle on it. If desired, a double ruffle may be used, a wide one of the lighter color and a narrow one of the darker shade. A silk cord may be used as a finish, but the ruffle is prettier.

Disk patterns in cushions are general favorites. The circles are usually worked in darning stitch in one or two colors, or in iridescent effects, the same time being repeated in the cushion bordering.

Cotton novelty fabrics, such as are used for children's frocks, make attractive looking as well as very practical tops for pillows likely to receive hard usage.

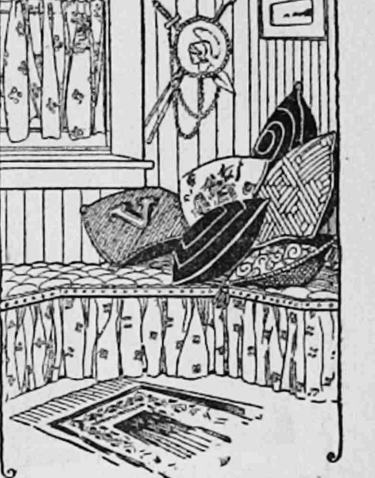
Among these materials are the chevrons and percales, printed in dots of various sizes and in figures and stripes of dark, light or medium tones, as well as in the Roman bars, blocks, diamond and disk patterns. For pin-colored cushion tops the satin finished mercerized poplins in

all the fashionable shades are excellent.

Jacquard Woven Cottons.

Jacquard woven cottons and silks can be made into the daintiest of delicately tinted pillow tops, to be embroidered, outlined or initialed with silk floss. The Japoorika silks, which imitate nun's veiling, rough pomegranates, tassels, stripes and marcelline effects most cleverly, are treated in the same way, while the two-toned checks and striped Egyptian tissues and Japanese silks are very ornamental in themselves and do not require further decoration.

With silk pillow tops, it is always safe to take startling color liberties. Some women will even use alternate stripes of pink and yellow without destroying the harmony of their rooms. Add to this combination a blinding of Egyptian



An Attractive Cozy Corner.

embroidery, of gold and silver thread, black velvet ribbon and Oriental bands. Satin finished broadcloths in wistaria, London smoke, taupe, pale dull blue, anemone, soft light green and cloudy violet, make up into attractive pillow tops. If the edges be finished with gold tinsel or silver cordage.

Many of these cloth colored cushions are of oblong shape, open at both ends and lined together with cords which run through embroidered eyelets. Some people produce a very rich effect by lacing on all four sides, the cording parting over highly decorative interlacings.

Making Home Beautiful.

MAKING the home beautiful is always the first work of the careful housekeeper. Just now plain effects and uncarved woodwork are in great demand and are proper. Sheer, simple designs in solid mahogany and mahogany finished woods are seen a great deal, the more severe designs leading.

Effective decorations are made by designing and combining with two materials. A portiere always gives an opportunity for artistic arrangement. One made of Indian silk, with a very desirable in the sitting room. Coarse green burlap makes an especially fetching portiere. It is ornamented with a very simple design of coarse white beads. The beads are draped with a strand of the heaviest white cotton. Bobbin curtains have applied designs of various kinds or are equipped with simple braid trimmings. For each curtain white material is popular. Nainsook, dimity, net, grenadine, cheese-cloth and point d'esprit are suitable.

A window seat makes an admirable receptacle for gowns that are not used frequently. It can be constructed inex-

pensively of a wooden case five feet long and two and one half feet wide and three feet deep with lined cover. The top of the chest should be covered with cloth to match the tones of the room and should be stuffed with hair or excelsior to make it comfortable.

For curtains, burlap covers and bed spreads, white cotton voile is popular. It lends itself admirably to hem-stitching as a decoration.

The Plate Rail.

A PLATE rail in the dining-room should be about seven feet from the floor. It should match the woodwork and can be narrower or wider, as it is intended for holding plates or pitchers or napkins. For plates, it is better to have the grooved ledge, to keep them from breaking when jarred. Articles in constant use should be kept on the rail, for, besides the liability of their being broken, they have become part of the decorations and are missed when taken down.

Would You Marry Again?

IT wasn't prearranged. Not by any means. But they met and, in some way, the question of marriage came up for discussion. All four of them were married men and they ought to have known better. But they didn't.

"Yep!" exclaimed the Model Husband, "I married again I'd marry the very selfsame little woman that I—"

"Aw, come off!" interrupted the Regular Kidder, whose marital affairs were openly known to be in anything but a happy state, "Come off, you're not at home now, and none of us know your wife well enough to tell her what you really think about married goodness. Cut loose! Speak up! You're among friends!"

"As I was saying," continued the Model Husband, ignoring the Kidder's remarks, "I'd marry the same woman over again. She's the most companionable woman I ever—"

"That's just the difficulty with me," the Stay-at-Home put in. "My wife and I would get along famously—if we were only congenial. I stay at home nearly every evening and my wife and boys know. But it certainly does become tiresome. She never reads the papers. She never knows anything about current events, and she is never willing to talk upon any subject except things that interest her. Congeniality is a mighty big factor in marriage, let me tell you. I envy you."

"Yes, she's always good company," the Model Husband resumed. "And she's the best little housekeeper you ever saw. Everything about our home is as spick and span as a new pin. Dinner is always hot and our table has the best the market can afford—within our price. If I married again I'd marry the same!"

"That does mean a lot, doesn't it?" It was the Young Newlywed speaking. "I have always held that the woman's place is in her home. Though I haven't been married very long, I am already finding little things in my wife's disposition that I wish were different. Lately she seems to have developed a craze for teas and bridge whist and padding about that I don't quite like. It isn't any harm now, but I'm afraid that it will become more serious as the years go on. I also think—"

"Yes, yes!" the Model Husband murmured, as one whose thoughts are far away with pleasant memories of the past city evenings he ever saw. "Yes, if I married again I'd marry the same!"

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Mr. A. Good Fellow on the Treating Habit.

then some—ways they end of saying "Yes." Circumstances is the exact Pure Food label, I believe! One'll hand out a little out of the red bottle for mine, and another will step to the plate with "Three fingers and five," or "Draw one in the dark," or "You're a good fellow, I'm sure!" Did you ever stop to think about that, old crowd, when a crowd of us get together? Did you ever see any crowd—live ones or dead ones—in front of the polished mahogany and the white-coated "Doctor" that somebody in the bunch didn't come across with "Gimme th' same!" I never did and I've stepped up for my medicine with a regularity that made the proprietor willing to make a note of my

Small Six-Room House DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Cost, \$1,800.



HERE we have a small, snug and inexpensive home suitable for a small family. There is a large living-room with pretty bay window at the side and a small bedroom and a wide opening into dining-room, thus giving the two principal rooms across the front, the dining-room opening through a very convenient pantry into the kitchen. The kitchen is provided with a small storeroom and place for refrigerator, arranged so that the ice can be put in from the outside. There is a large porch back of the kitchen. The stairs lead up out of the main living-room, with the cellar stairs underneath. This arrangement is an economy of room and a convenient arrangement. The second story has two large chambers with ample closets each, a good bathroom and a small bedroom. In addition, there is a large attic, providing space for storage purposes or it can be finished up part or wholly and used as a bedroom. This is an economical house for a young man with

The Man Butterfly.

HERB has always been more or less of the butterfly in the nature of every woman, but in late years this same trait seems to have manifested itself in a certain species of man. You all know him, and you have all seen him, for he is not confined to one particular locality, though he frequents more the green bay in certain sections of the country than in others.

He is not offensive—unless you happen to have no sympathy with the motives that prompt the things he does and the things he says. The chances are that you won't notice him specifically unless frequently meeting with him compels notice—and speculation—on your part.

He is a social climber.

Now, there is no really great harm in being a social climber—for the spirit of the age is to climb upward to heights as yet unattained, and the question of what constitutes the most desirable set of society is largely comparative, and dependent upon the culture and ambitions of the individual mind. But the calm, deliberate attempt to climb socially on the part of a man, cannot fail to give rise to grave doubts of his to the shabby commendable qualities of that man.

This male species of the social climber is generally a young man—more or less, as yet, a large chunk of common sense knocked into him by contact with the world, or one who has not found himself in things serious.

He is the young man who is more interested in having an engagement every night in the week than in getting to his office on time every morning. He cares more about "fussing around" with a damsel or two than in working at something of future value to himself during his spare time. He is usually happiest in the company of women. All the girls in his "set" know him. They all like him—because he can be depended upon to spend his last cent in taking them to the theater, for example, in a fruitless, vain effort to make them some return for the many social functions he has attended at their expense. He is a social climber, but not a social climber.

He is good company because he is scarcely responsible for what he does.

The writer recently saw one of this species—a real cunning little fellow—at a large dance, where he managed to attract attention to himself in the course of "lab-dah" ways. In the first place, he walked with the air and strut of a popinjay. He danced only with the best-dressed women and he persistently forced his presence upon the best-looking women in the hall, and then—cutest of cute stunts!—he had the perfectly adorable little trick of dancing with his partner in the corner of the room only, in a space not over 10 feet square, round and round, while the rest of the dancers made the conventional circuit of the room. He came but to the shoulder of the average woman he danced with—but that didn't bother him! He remanded one of nothing so much as a cocker spaniel—the plaything of a woman. And he did all this on \$12.50 per week!

But he was happy!

First Floor Plan.

Second Floor Plan.